

probably should have died if they had been. Only the great love of a mother can give the nursing that I received. Surely many times she must have wished that death would end the horrible struggle, but still she fought for me and hoped.

I was naturally of a tender, clinging and dependent character, and my illness certainly intensified those unfortunate characteristics. As I recovered, mother taught me things. I could not hear or speak; but I could see and use my hands, and she taught me to knit and tat and crotchet. These small and much despised things, I believe, helped to save my life. If I had been forced to lie idle amidst the great silence of deafness, unable to speak, I surely would have died of mental inanition. Using my hands renewed my interest in life. Speech at last came slowly back, hearing to some extent, and for the second time in my life I learned to walk.

I can see myself now as I struggled up on my poor shaky pins. How I sweated and trembled. How proud I was! I was exultant because I could stand up. I felt as though I were some wild and blood-thirsty barbarian who had slain a powerful enemy by a great feat of strength. I stood up on my own legs, every nerve atingle, every muscle trying to do its office. I held on to chairs and tables while the moisture fairly trickled down my face, and even the backs of my hands were wet. "Ah ha!" I said to myself, "I knew I could do it."

I made an effort to walk from one chair to another, only a couple of steps, and fell prone upon my face. It was a disaster, a great failure. I was heart-broken and burst into a violent fit of crying, refusing to be comforted. This little scene broke my mother down. I